

Fieldcraft and Magic

by Imogene Hemlock

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Summary: AU Crossover, Hijack, Frostcup: Hiccup decides to venture outside of Berk to study at the Academy of Draconic Research in England and finds himself rooming with a young man who claims to have been a "guardian." As Hiccup studies dragons, Jack studies magic, and Toothless makes general mayhem, the two find romance. Content rating will vary in certain chapters.

1. How to Meet Your Roommate

Author's Note: This is my first Hijack or Frostcup fanfiction. It's in its early stages right now, so any feedback people would be willing to give would be much appreciated! I hope you like it, and if you toss me a review, I'll love you forever!

Warnings: None for this chapter. Later chapters will have sections with higher ratings.

Disclaimer: Clearly, I do not own the rights to these characters.

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><p>1. How to Meet Your Roommate

Hiccup took a deep breath and raised his hand to the door. He'd never liked meeting new people, and he wasn't at all excited about meeting the stranger he would be living with for the next year. He would rather just stay in the stable with Toothless, but his father insisted that he at least attempt to look normal. He was at the Academy of Draconic Research to represent Berk, after all.

He finally stopped stalling and knocked on the door. No answer. He knocked again. Still nothing.

"Hello?" he called hesitantly. "Hey, uh, it's me, your new roommate." He waited a couple of minutes and then finally tried the knob.

Unlocked.

Hiccup slowly opened the door to see an empty common room. There were a couple of cardboard boxes on the couch, so he guessed someone must be here. He was both relieved that he could put off, at least for a little longer, an awkward first meeting and nervous because he had the absurd notion that something was going to jump out at him.

"Boo!"

Hiccup let out a very un-vikingly shriek. He whirled about to see a tall boy laughing.

"You should see your face!" he chuckled.

Hiccup just stared in confusion. After the other boy realized Hiccup wasn't going to laugh he stopped laughing himself and cleared his throat.

"Sorry, I guess that wasn't the best way to introduce myself. I'm Jack," he said with a smile. "Jack Frost."

Hiccup shook his extended hand, but wore a distrustful expression. "Really?"

"Yes, really! I used to be a guardian, in fact," he said proudly.

"A guardian of what?" he asked, wondering if there was going to be a bad punch line and if he should just drop it.

"Of winter and fun, of course. You know, Jack Frost?"

He certainly looked the part. He had pale skin, bright blue eyes, and snow white hair. His clothing, however-a plain light blue hoodie and grey pants-was very anti-climactic and not at all legend-inspiring.

"Well," Hiccup said awkwardly. "Nice to meet you, then, Mr. Frost."

"Just Jack," he said. "We're around the same age, you know. Well, we look around the same age anyway. And I've been told my maturity level is that of a teen, too, so..."

Hiccup decided not to ask questions. He really just wanted to get settled in his own room and enjoy the rare opportunity for alone time. He was looking down at his shoes trying to decide how to politely end the conversation when he noticed it was suddenly quiet.

Jack waved a hand in front of his face. "You still in there?"

"Oh, sorry," Hiccup stuttered. "I just, uh... I'm kind of sleepy from the flight, I guess."

"Jet lag, right? You know, they say the best thing to do is just sleep it off."

I'd love to. I just need to get to my bed, Hiccup thought.

"So are you going to tell me your name?" Jack asked as he raised an eyebrow.

"What? Oh, wow, I'm sorry, I didn't realize..." _Stupid, you messed up already. _"Hiccup," he said sheepishly.

"Um... bless you?" Jack said, eyebrows knit together.

"No, that's my name. Hiccup." He sighed. He knew he would have to deal with this reaction over and over again from now on-it wasn't like in Berk where everyone already knew him and found his silly name normal enough.

"Huh. Interesting," Jack muttered. "Also... cute," he said with a smile.

"Yeah... I'm all about the cuteness," Hiccup said, trying not to let Jack see how uncomfortable he was with being called cute. It really was going to be hard to tone down his sarcasm. "So... I don't mean to be rude, but, uh, like I said, I have jet lag or whatever and I think I need to sleep it off, so..."

"Of course!" Jack said quickly. "Sorry. Which room do you want?"

Hiccup wasn't expecting to be given a choice. In fact, he had deliberately tried to come later than the other students so that he wouldn't have to choose. "Aren't they the same?"

"Well, sure, but I thought I'd wait until you got here to see what you wanted." That was surprisingly thoughtful for a guy who pulled a jump-scare on him before they'd even been introduced. "And they're the same on the inside, sure, but one side gets more sun, the other gets more moon, so..."

"I'm happy with whichever," Hiccup said.

"You sure?" Jack asked, looking at him closely.

Yes, Hiccup thought. Please just let me sleep...

"I guess I'd like the moon side, then," Jack said. "But you know, if you change your mind later, we can always switch."

"That's uh, that's very nice of you." Hiccup was starting to feel dizzy. "So... which one is the whatever side?" He started to sway.

"Whoa, you okay?" Jack asked.

"I'm fine. Totally fine," Hiccup slurred as his feet started to give way.

Jack caught him before he collapsed. "Wow, you're really tired... let me help you," he said quietly.

"Mm," Hiccup mumbled. He wanted to say it was fine, he didn't need help, he was capable of walking to his room himself, but he felt himself drifting off to sleep already.

Jack stood awkwardly holding him for a moment before deciding to take the "Mm" as a yes. He put an arm beneath Hiccups knees and lifted him up. He was surprised by how light he was underneath that big fur coat.

After he took him to the sunny room and laid him on the bed, he went back into the common room to move his things into his own new room. He wanted to kick himself for doing that stupid surprise introduction. Even though he knew everyone could see him now that he had revoked his status as guardian, he was still paranoid that people would just start staring past him again, and he had wanted to make a good first impression with his new roommate by doing something fun. He sighed. He'd just have to try again tomorrow.

2. How to Deal with a Broken Shower

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Warnings: One section of M (mature) content. I've bracketed this off with a bold warning label, so it's easy to skip if you don't want to read it!

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<p>2. How to Deal with a Broken Shower

A few hours later, Hiccup woke groggy and confused. How did he get in this bed? He floundered into a sitting position and made a face of disgust when he realized he'd been drooling. He looked around the small room with plain white walls, a single window, an empty bookshelf and desk, and slowly remembered.

"Right. The academy. England. Jack..." he muttered. As if speaking his name had summoned him, the other boy knocked on his door.

"Hey sleepy!" came Jack's muffled voice. "You have a visitor. A visitor that I'm pretty sure isn't supposed to be here..." Hiccup heard a deep, muffled whine.

"Toothless?" he said in confusion.

The dragon called out excitedly and Hiccup heard a frightening creak of wood as he pawed at the door. "Hold on, I'm coming bud," he said.

The instant he opened the door, Toothless pounced on him and started to lick him furiously. "Toothless! Calm down, it's only been a few hours!" Hiccup cried, trying to fend off the dragon's assault of affection.

Since the flight to England wasn't really feasible for a boy and his dragon (at least not in the time frame he had to do it), he'd had to be away from Toothless for the duration. He still felt guilty when he

thought about how upset Toothless was about flying in a plane, cooped up in a little cargo room.

"I promise I'll make it up to you, buddy," he said as he finally managed to shove the dragon aside and sit up. Toothless was still bounding around Hiccup in circles, nudging him and panting.

"Oh, right," he mumbled when he saw Jack standing in the doorway bewildered. "Toothless, Jack. Jack, Toothless."

The dragon finally stopped prancing long enough to look at the other human. He cocked his head to the side and looked back and forth between his human and the other boy.

"Nice to meet you," Jack said. "I assume dragons don't shake?"

"Not exactly," Hiccup said as he tried to wipe the saliva off his face.

Toothless cautiously approached Jack and began to sniff him. After a thorough examination, he suddenly rose up, spread out his wings (as much as he could in the small space) and roared. Jack grimaced but didn't back away. Toothless stared at him for a second before dropping back down to a relaxed stance. Then he licked him so forcefully that the boy fell backwards.

"They sort of... do that," Hiccup said.

Jack recovered surprisingly gracefully in spite of being covered in dragon slobber. "So am I food or friend, then?"

Hiccup laughed. "Friend," he said. "He doesn't lick his food. Or chew it for that matter."

"Good to hear..." Jack mumbled.

"What's going on here?" an unknown voice called from the common room. The voice belonged to a very confused man with a cleanly trimmed beard. His sweater vest seemed to bristle with him as his face contorted to shock and disgust. "A _dragon_? In the _dorm_?"

Toothless started to sniff him. "Oh, uh, sorry about that," Hiccup said nervously and hastily grabbed the dragon to hold him back. "He doesn't like being alone for long periods of time."

"Indeed," the man said, narrowing his eyes. "Well, this may be a school for draconic research, but that does not mean that your dragon is allowed to roam wherever it pleases."

Toothless glared when the man called him "it."

"Sorry," Hiccup mumbled. "Won't let it happen again."

"I should hope not," the man said. He shot one more glare at Toothless before turning around and leaving without another word.

After the door slammed Hiccup looked over at Jack. "Who was that?"

Jack rolled his eyes. "Our babysitter. I think 'Caretaker of Youth Residence' is his official title."

"Huh. Great." Hiccup turned to the dragon and gave him an apologetic look. "Well bud, looks like I'll have to visit you outside instead." Toothless whined. "I know, I wish you could stay with me, too. Listen, I'll come visit you right after I take a shower, okay?" Toothless grudgingly consented.

Hiccup led the dragon to the door and Toothless gave him one last sad puppy face before slinking off down the hall to get back to the stables.

"Sorry about that," Hiccup said to Jack when he walked back into the room.

"No biggie," he said with a smile. "That was pretty fun."

"Glad you think so," Hiccup replied. "That probably won't be the last time you get covered in drool."

"Speaking of which, I'm going to go take care of that," Jack said, turning to go back to his room.

"Good idea." Hiccup went to his own room and stepped into his new bathroom. He was surprised to see that it was already outfitted with towels and toilet paper. "Fancy," he mumbled as he began peeling off his soggy clothes.

He sighed happily when he thought about getting to take a hot shower, but his heart sank when he turned the faucet. Nothing. He tried both knobs, but no luck. He groaned. He would have to either put his slimy clothes back on and go talk to someone about fixing the shower, or ask Jack if he could borrow his. He blushed when he realized that he would have to approach him in a towel to do so.

"Well... better than staying sticky I guess..." He took one of the clean white towels off of the shelf and walked across the common room to knock on Jack's door. As he tapped his knuckles against the wood, the door creaked open. "Huh. Okay..."

He walked into the room and heard the muffled roar of water from behind Jack's bathroom door. He took a deep breath and knocked. "Jack? It's me."

The water stopped. "Hiccup?" Jack called back.

"Yeah, sorry to, uh... interrupt you, but, my shower isn't working. Can I use yours when you're done?"

"Sure thing!" the other boy said. "I'll be fast!"

"You don't have to-" but the water was already roaring before Hiccup could finish his sentence. He realized he had no idea what to do now that he was standing awkwardly alone in Jack's room wearing only a towel. He felt especially awkward since he'd only met Jack a few hours earlier. He had decided he would just go back and wait in his room until he noticed the tall wooden staff leaning against one wall.

His curiosity got the better of him, and he walked over to get a closer look. The staff was made of pale wood and tapered into a hook at the top. When he reached out to touch it, he found it was freezing cold.

"Done!" Hiccup jumped at the sound of Jack's voice.

"A-already?"

"Yeah," he said. "I never take long showers. And I'm sure you're tired of standing around naked in my room."

Hiccup blushed bright red. "I have a towel!" he shrieked as he frantically looked down, just to be sure.

"Just kidding," Jack chuckled. "You really are skinny, though," he said, and Hiccup was mortified to see that the other boy was staring at him intently.

He tried to keep up his usual sarcastic demeanor. "So I've been told..." but then he noticed that Jack was wearing nothing but a towel, too, and it was only loosely folded around his waist, leaving his lightly muscled chest exposed. His white hair was still wet, and little droplets of water slid down his neck. Hiccup blushed again.

Jack seemed totally unaffected by the situation and padded across the room to his suitcase. "You can go ahead and use the shower whenever you're ready," he said as he rifled through the bag for clothes.

"Okay, thanks," Hiccup said quickly and then darted into the bathroom.

****Warning: Mature content in the next passage (feel free to skip! Just look for the next bold text to keep reading after it's over)****

After he closed the door, he let out a huge sigh of relief. Until he took off the towel and saw that his body was doing strange things. He bit his lip. It's nothing, he thought. Just a random... excitement. Totally random. That was normal for seventeen year old boys, right?

He tried not to think about it and turned on the shower instead. Glorious hot water. It took a lot of soap, but he finally managed to get all the slobber off of his skin. After he washed his hair, he was dismayed to see that his lower half still hadn't calmed down. He could try drenching himself in cold water, but he winced at the thought. That would be just too much after such a long day. But was jacking off in your roommate's shower any better?

He groaned when he realized the thought of it only made his erection more uncomfortable. He couldn't help himself. And surely, since it was in the shower where he could wash it afterward, it wasn't so bad, right?

Blushing furiously, he reached down and wrapped his hand around

himself. He would just make it fast. He pumped his hand over the length of his dick and his breathing picked up. Maybe it was because he'd been too busy over the last week of traveling preparations to do this, but it felt surprisingly good. He was shocked to find himself letting out little moans. He blushed and clamped his free hand over his mouth. He moved his hand faster and started grinding his hips. As he reached the edge of orgasm, he was startled to find an image of Jack in a towel popped into his head, but he didn't have time to process that thought as he came into his hand, a jet of hot white liquid oozing out of his fingers. He didn't realize he'd cried out until he heard a knock on the door.

"Hey, you okay?"

Shit. "Yeah, I'm fine! Fine, sorry, just uh, stubbed my toe!" Hiccup shouted back. He couldn't think of a better excuse on the fly.

"Okay, just checking," Jack called back jovially.

Hiccup let out a sigh of relief. He rushed to clean up and then got out of the shower. Just as he started to wonder what on earth sparked that image of Jack earlier, he shook his head and focused on his next task: visiting a needy dragon, then finally getting to go back to sleep.

****Mature content over!****

A few hours later, Hiccup returned to the dorm to find Jack asleep on the couch with a book lying open on his face. He walked over to get a closer look and saw the title: Contemporary Magic. He'd have to ask Jack about that later.

He went into his own room and started putting sheets on the new bed. As soon as he was done, he crawled under the covers and was surprised by how tired he was. What a bizarre day, he thought to himself just before he drifted off to sleep.

3. How to Come Out to Your Roommate

Author's Note: This is my first Hijack or Frostcup fanfiction. It's in its early stages right now, so any feedback people would be willing to give would be much appreciated! I hope you like it, and if you toss me a review, I'll love you forever!

Warnings: None this time. This section is rated T for mentions of sex, but no actual sexual content.

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><p>3. How to Come Out to Your Roommate

Jack woke with a crick in his neck. He realized he'd fallen asleep in an awkward position on the couch and struggled to sit up. In the process, he knocked his book onto the floor and winced when it landed in a heap of crumpled pages. He rushed to pick it up and tried to smooth out the paper. He wasn't used to owning things, so he had to

remind himself to be careful, especially with gifts like this one.

Jack sighed and fished his phone out of his pocket. He was afraid to look. He rolled his eyes at himself when he saw the time. Midnight. And now, thanks to his nap, he was wide awake.

He'd been sitting there reading earlier, waiting for Hiccup to return so that he could talk to him, but reading was much too calm and quiet of an activity for him. He was interested in the subject, sure, but wading through pages of ink while sitting still lulled him to sleep every time. His record for non-stop reading was an hour so far.

"Oh well," he said to himself. "Might as wellâ€¦" he drifted off when he saw that Hiccup's light was on. Maybe it wasn't too late after all.

He knocked on the door. "Hey, Hiccup? You awake?"

"Yeah," he heard him say, and shortly after, the door opened. Hiccup was wearing an oversized green t-shirt and black pajama pants. Jack chastised himself for thinking that he looked cute. "What's up?" Hiccup asked.

"I wanted to talk to you, actually," Jack started nervously.

Hiccup smirked. "I figured that's why you knocked."

"Wellâ€¦ yeahâ€¦" Jack said lamely.

Hiccup laughed. "Sorry. Sarcasm is a bad habit of mineâ€¦ Listen, my sleep schedule's all messed up from traveling, so I'm really awake, too. I'll come join you in there."

Jack gratefully followed Hiccup back to the couch in the main room. "Oh yeah," Hiccup said when he noticed the book on the coffee table. "I wanted to ask you about that."

"This? Oh, it's just a really basic book on magic. That's what I'm studying here. I kind of dropped it and crumpled up the pages, thoughâ€¦"

"That's okay. Just a sec," Hiccup said as he scampered back to his room. He returned a few seconds later with a massive bookâ€"no, a _tome_â€"in his arms. "Go ahead and line up the pages and then close the book," he instructed.

Jack did as he asked, and then Hiccup hefted the tome on top of his small book. "There!" He said triumphantly. "Just let it sit over night and it'll be good as new tomorrow."

"Thanks," Jack said. He took a glance at the cover and saw that the title was in another language. Runes of some sort?

"So what did you want to talk about?" Hiccup asked, interrupting his thoughts.

Jack joined him on the couch. "Wellâ€¦ there's something important I need to tell you. I wanted to tell you as soon as possible so that you could get a different roommate if you wanted."

Hiccup raised an eyebrow. "What, you're an ax murderer?"

Jack laughed. "No, nothing like that." He looked over and saw the other boy waiting patiently. He took a deep breath. "I'm gay."

Hiccup just raised his eyebrow again. "You're what?"

Did he whisper by accident? "I'm gay," he said again, with more conviction.

Hiccup still looked confused. "Is that a name or something?"

Now it was Jack's turn to be confused. "No, I mean, I'm gay, as in homosexual."

"What-sexual?" Hiccup laughed. "Sorryâ€¦ I'm from a really small Viking island, and we mostly have dragons and bad weather there. Not a lot of people. There are probably a lot of things that are normal for most people here that I don't know."

A Viking island? _I wonder if that was Norse, then_, Jack thought. He shook his head. Focus. "Soâ€¦ you've never heard of the term gay or homosexual before? Seriously?"

Hiccup shook his head.

Jack just sat in shock for a minute. He hadn't expected this at all. He'd run through dozens of possible scenarios in his head, but this had not been one of them.

"Okayâ€¦ wellâ€¦ it'sâ€¦" he stammered. He'd felt pretty confident before, but now that he had to explain itâ€¦ "Well, okay, so you know how most guys like girls? I don't. I like guys instead." As the words left his mouth, he felt like he was in middle school again, using the word 'like.'

Hiccup blushed. "You like guys? Like, romantically?"

"Yeah," Jack said, relieved at least that he understood what he was saying.

"Huh. Interesting," he said, furrowing his brow.

Jack waited, but Hiccup seemed lost in thought. "Soâ€¦"

"That never occurred to me as something people could doâ€¦" Hiccup mumbled, looking up at the ceiling. "I don't think anyone in Berk is like that."

"Berk?" Jack asked.

"Oh, that's the name of my village," he explained. "That's interesting!"

"Interesting." Jack said. "You think your new roommate being gay is interesting?"

"Wellâ€¦ yeah. Like I said, I've never heard of it before."

"Just interesting? Not weird? Freaky? Unnatural?"

Hiccup laughed. "No. Why would I think that?"

"It's a pretty popular opinion. A lot of people think being gay is wrong and gross andâ€" he waved his hand, "you know. Generally weird."

"Well, it's hard to form an opinion of something I just heard of. But I don't know. Theoretically, it's the same as liking girls, right? Just directed at boys instead?"

"Yeah, I guess so," Jack said.

"Then, no, I'm not freaked out or anything," he said with a laugh. "Why would I want a different roommate?"

"You know, if you disapproved. Or if you were uncomfortable with me. Or worried I'd be ogling you or try to jump your bones in your sleep or something."

Hiccup blushed a little. "Do you plan on ogling me and jumping my bones?"

Jack thought, only if you want me to, but responded aloud "No! Of course not."

"Wellâ€" Hiccup started. "Now that I think about it, you were kind of staring at me earlier when I was waiting for the shower."

Shit, Jack thought. "Okay, you caught me, maybe I looked a little, but I was not ogling you. I don't ogle friends and roommates."

Hiccup laughed. "I'm messing with you. It's cool."

Jack sighed in relief. "So you'll stay my roommate?"

"Sure," Hiccup said. He seemed distracted.

"Thanks," Jack said sincerely. He hadn't expected to find a guy who was okay with rooming with him on the first try. "Hey, what are you thinking about?"

Hiccup snapped back into focus. He was suddenly blushing furiously. "Oh, nothing. Just, uh, sleepy."

Jack smirked. "Do you always blush when you're sleepy?"

Hiccup's cheeks burned even brighter. "What are you talking about?"

"Do you have questions or something? You can ask me if you want."

Hiccup hesitated. Jack had hit the mark. "Soâ€" youâ€" like guys. Romantically."

"Yes," Jack said with a small laugh.

"Soâ€¦ do youâ€¦ do all the same stuff?"

Hiccup looked adorable. He was starting to fidget, and the pink would not fade from his face. Jack wanted to tease him, but thought he probably shouldn't push it.

"You mean like kissing and stuff?"

Hiccup nodded.

"Yeah, guys kiss, more or less the same way guys and girls do." He couldn't help himself. "It gets interesting after that part, though," he said with a wink.

He was rewarded with another deep blush from Hiccup. "H-how?"

"Are you a virgin?" Jack asked directly.

Hiccup covered his face with one hand. "Obviously," he muttered.

"But you've had the sex talk, right? I mean, I know your village has to have heterosexual couples, at least, or you wouldn't be here," Jack teased.

"Yes," Hiccup groaned. "I do understand _that_ idea."

"Well," Jack started. "When a man loves another man very muchâ€¦"

Hiccup uncovered his face so that he could shove Jack's shoulder. "Please don't do that," he grumbled.

Jack laughed. "Sorry. Couldn't help it. Anyway, a lot of it is the same. Kissing, touching, oral. The main difference is that some guys do anal sex. Well, actually, now that I think about it, I guess plenty of heterosexual couples do that, too. But they're all totally different experiences with a guy."

Hiccup's blush had subsided. Hearing Jack talk about sex so nonchalantly made him relax. "So you've done it with both?"

"Yeah," Jack said with a laugh. "Just one girl, though. That was kind of when I figured it out."

Hiccup stifled a yawn. "Sorry," he mumbled. "I actually am getting sleepy nowâ€¦"

"Actually?" Jack cocked his eyebrow. "You mean you weren't before?"

Hiccup blushed. "No! I was. Justâ€¦ now I'm _really_ sleepy. Really, really sleepy. In fact, I think I'm going to go to sleep," he said, stumbling on his words.

Jack laughed. "Okay. See you in the morning, then."

After Hiccup went back to his room and closed the door, Jack stayed on the couch for a while, wondering what Hiccup had been thinking

about that first time he zoned out.

4. How to Experiment with Sexuality

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<p>4. How to Experiment with Sexuality

Hiccup stared at the ceiling and tried to process what Jack had told him. Jack was 'gay.' Meaning he was attracted to boys. Which Hiccup hadn't even realized was possible before.

So what does that mean for me? He thought. He hadn't forgotten about the image that popped into his head when he was in the shower earlier this afternoon. Jack, in a towel. And that had made himâ€|

Hiccup shook his head. He didn't want to think about it. For some reason, it made him feel uncomfortable. So he set his scientific brain to work, and tried to come up with a list of all of the romantic feelings he'd ever had. If he did that and analyzed them all, then surely he would figure out why that image had come to mind. Whether it was random or not.

First and foremost, there was Astrid. He'd had a crush on her for years, and then, finally, after the incident with all the dragons, she kissed him. That was certainly romantic and gave him butterflies. Unfortunately, since Hiccup's father had decided to send him to the academy, he was shipped off to England before he and Astrid could really establish a relationship. They parted with a hug and promises to stay in touch.

Who else? Hiccup wracked his brain, but he couldn't think of anyone else he'd had a crush on. He'd thought plenty of girls were pretty, but none of them set off fireworks in his chest like Astrid had. Andâ€| boys? _The same_, he thought. He could appreciate boys and men he'd thought were handsome, but no crushes. Nothing remotely romantic except forâ€|

Jack.

Hiccup shook his head again. Could he really call that romantic? He barely knew Jack. He could definitely see that he was handsome, but did heâ€| find him attractive? It had been hard to look away when he saw the other boy's half-naked body. He'd feltâ€| warm. His heart started beating faster. But maybe those feelings just came from the awkwardness of the situation. How could he test it?

Hiccup blushed. His first thought was sex. That would be the easiest test, but you couldn't just go proposition your new roommate, a near-stranger. And besides, he was a virgin. He didn't know the first thing about it. Well, intellectually, he knew from having read about it and seen dirty magazines, butâ€¦

Then it occurred to him that he could try to recreate what had happened in the shower. He would think about Jack in that context and see if his body reacted.

Warning: Mature content. If you don't want to read it, skip to the next chapter.

Hiccup took a deep breath. Here we go, he thought. He closed his eyes and thought about Jack as he'd seen him before. Fresh out of the shower, his silver hair still wet. The water dripping down his neck and over his bare chest. The smooth curve of his collarbone, the light musculature of his arms. His chest glistening in the light, his small, pink nipples perked against the cold air. Hiccup shivered. Focus. The slight hollow of his solar plexus leading down to smooth abs. The curve of his hips, the v line that disappeared into the edge of the towelâ€¦

He opened his eyes to take inventory. His heart was definitely beating faster. His body felt hotter under the blankets. And he could definitely feel the beginning of a tightness in his boxers. Next stepâ€¦

He imagined touching him. He imagined running his hands through Jack's wet hair and kissing him. He tried to imagine what his lips would feel like, how his tongue would feel on his, what sounds the moving of their lips would make. Hot and wet. And then he'd move his hands down over his chest and run his thumbs over his nipples. Twirl them between his fingers. He'd kiss his way down his neck and replace his fingers with his lips and tongue, kissing, licking, sucking. He'd run his hands over his stomach and feel like slight hardness of his abs before gripping his hips. And then he'd pull Jack against his own body and kiss him again. Andâ€¦ move his hips against Jack's. Andâ€¦ feel Jack's excitement through the towel. Then the towels would fall to the floor, and their erections would touch.

Hiccup gasped. There was now a pronounced tent in his bed. Without touching himself, just from daydreaming, he'd gotten an erection. While thinking about a boy. I guess that settles it, He thought.

But he couldn't focus. He couldn't stop thinking about Jack. So he reached under the covers and pulled himself free of his boxers. He closed his eyes again, and as he wrapped his hand around his dick, he imagined he was wrapping it around Jack's as well, rubbing the two of them together. He pulled away to lick his hand, then went back to stroking himself. Then he decided to do something he'd never done before. He brought his free hand up to his chest and started touching his nipple. He gasped. It felt both strange and wonderful. He rubbed, rolled, and even lightly pinched it. It was amazing. He bit his lip and thrust harder into his hand. He could feel a drop of pre-cum sliding off of the head, and he reached up with his thumb to smooth it over the slit. He licked his lips and kept pumping up and down while he twirled his nipple between his thumb and forefinger. He was breathing hard. Hesitantly, he whispered, "Jack." His breath caught

in his throat; saying the other boy's name sent a shock of heat through him, and he moved his hand faster. "Jack," he whispered again, bucking his hips. He was getting close. He imagined Jack touching him now, his lips and tongue replacing his own fingers on his nipple. He imagined Jack's hand pulling and squeezing on his dick. He imagined Jack saying his name.

Hiccup bit his lip as he came, and stifled his moan with his pillow. He rocked his hips as his orgasm faded, and tried to keep his cum from getting on the sheets. His boxers would obviously need washed, but the bed spread itself managed to stay clean.

I just jacked off thinking about a guy, he thought.
Interesting.

After he cleaned up and got back into bed, he'd planned on contemplating the issue more, but fell asleep as soon as he pulled the blankets back up to his chin.

5. How to Relearn Magic

Author's Note: This chapter is a bit short, but I wanted to put something out there. Let me know what you think! I'd love some feedback if anyone has things they particularly like or dislike. Thanks for reading. 3

Warnings: None.

Disclaimer: Clearly, I do not own the rights to these characters.

4. How to Relearn Magic

Hiccup woke to the sound of something shattering. Glass? A break-in? In a dorm? For what, theirâ€| marshmallowâ€| pillowsâ€| Hiccup shook his head. In the process he realized that he'd been chewing on his pillow, and he quickly tossed it to the side, sat up, and tried again to shake the sleep out of his head. Then he jumped out of bed to go investigate.

He opened his door to see Jack on the floor of the common room picking up shards of ice. "And here I thought we had a burglar who broke a window. I see now everything's totally normalâ€|you're only picking up icicles."

Jack looked up and gave him a sheepish smile. "Sorry. Lost control of the magic at the end."

The magic? "Oh, gotcha. Totally cleared up," he said in what he hoped was a playful tone. The morning was the most difficult time of day for him to control his sarcasm.

Thankfully, Jack laughed. "Sorry. I'm kind of rattled." He looked up after placing a particularly large chunk of ice in a bucket next to his feet.

"Let me help, then," Hiccup offered, joining him on the floor.

"Thanks," Jack said happily. The two of them collected the rest of the ice in silence for a minute before Jack started to explain. "It's been a while since I've tried to do any real magic, and I'm really out of practice. I was trying to make a simple little ice sculpture. I almost had it, actually, but I got excited and put too much magic into it, which caused ice to start flying, which caused me to drop the sculpture. So here I am."

"Here you are," Hiccup echoed. He reached for the last piece of ice and let out a tiny shriek when Jack's hand met his as he tried to pick that same block of ice up as well. Hiccup let him have it and blushed furiously.

Jack raised an eyebrow at him. "Did we just have a school girl moment?"

"A what?"

"You know. A stereotypical school girl moment. In this case, when you accidentally brush hands with your crush and then freak out."

Hiccup blushed harder. "N-no! Of course not! Your hand was just cold. It startled me."

"Huh. So you blush when you're sleepy, and you blush when you're startled, too?"

"You are the worst," Hiccup said with a laugh. "Give me a break, I just woke up."

Jack leaned forward and propped his head on one hand, staring at Hiccup intently. "Can I watch you sleep sometime? I want to know if you blush while you're asleep, too."

"Uh, creepy," Hiccup joked. "I'm going to have to decline."

"Hm!" Jack crossed his arms over his chest. "Too bad. I bet you're super cute."

"What happened to not hitting on friends and roommates?"

"I never said that. I said I didn't ogle them." Jack gave him a wink. "Sorry, I've been told I have a flirty personality. It's fun, and I was the guardian of winter and fun for a while, after all."

Hiccup fidgeted when he felt some of the water from the tiny bits of ice that had melted seep into the knee of his pajamas. He got up and offered Jack a hand up as well. "You said something like that before. What do you mean, 'guardian?'"

The two of them moved to the couch. "Ever heard of Jack Frost?" He asked with a grin.

"As in, you?" Hiccup joked. "Yeah, I've heard of him. We have a different name for him in Norse, but the concept is pretty similar."

"Jokul Frosti, right? Yeah, I have a lot of names. That's me, Jokul, or as I'm known in the west, Jack Frost."

Hiccup waited for him to laugh. When he didn't, he wrinkled his eyebrows. "Yeah, and I'm the burliest Viking in my village."

"No, really," Jack insisted, looking the most serious Hiccup had seen him thus far. "I am. Same guy as the one in the stories."

"That's impossible. You'd have to beâ€¦!"

"Hundreds of years old? Yeah. I know it's hard to believe because I look and act like a teenager, but that's me."

Hiccup just stared at him. "Let me know when to laugh, okay?"

Jack laughed at that comment. "I guess now? But hey, this shouldn't be that hard for you to believe. You have a pet dragon, after all, and you're at a school that offers courses in magic. Is it that much of a leap to find out that the Jack Frost of the legends is real?"

"Hm. I guess not," Hiccup said. "It is a bit of a leap to find out he's my roommate, though."

"Fair enough. Well, why don't I let you process that for a while, then? Want to get breakfast together?" Jack asked cheerfully.

"Sure. What time is it, anyway?"

Jack pulled up the sleeve of his hoodie and glanced at his watch. "Seven on the dot."

"What? Isn't it Sunday? Why are we up so early?"

Jack smirked. "Well, early for you, maybe. I was up at five."

"You're insane," Hiccup said, shaking his head.

"Nope!" Jack responded cheerfully. "Just excited! How can I sleep in when there's so much I want to do?"

>"Uh, because sleep is awesome?"<p>

Jack winked. "I can think of much more fun ways to use a bed."

Hiccup blushed bright red.

"Oops! Sorry. Flirty personality coming out again. I guess I just feel comfortable with you, like we've been friends for a long time. Sorry, that's probably weird." Jack started fiddling with the sleeves of his hoodie.

"No, it's fine. It'sâ€¦ nice, actually," Hiccup responded tentatively.

6. How to Deal with Bullies

Author's Note: So I decided I wanted to see Hiccup show his fierce side a little! At first, it might seem out of character, but hopefully the back story following the scene will make it feel like a

believable character development. Let me know what you think!

Warnings: A little foul language and a badass Hiccup.

Disclaimer: Clearly, I do not own the rights to these characters.

* * *

><p>4. How to Deal with Bullies

Jack and Hiccup walked into the dining hall to find that there were quite a few early risers in the academy. A couple dozen students and several professors were making their way around the hall, filling up plates with breakfast food that ranged from plain bagels to fresh omelet's. "Fancy," Hiccup mumbled.

Jack beamed beside him. "Yeah, the food here is awesome! Probably even better than last year's, since they renovated."

"Cool. Coffee?" Hiccup found himself suddenly overwhelmed with sleepiness and started teetering on his feet.

Jack laughed and grabbed his arm to steady him. "Sure thing, sleepy bones."

Hiccup blushed at the sudden contact, but was happy to lean on Jack as he led him to the coffee carafes. Not only was he sleepy, but the dining hall was huge, and it was a little intimidating.

They reached the counter that held several varieties of coffee, and Jack started to hum while he prepared a cup for Hiccup. "Cream and sugar?" He asked, still holding his arm.

"Yes, please," Hiccup said shyly. He wasn't so sleepy that he couldn't do this himself, but he kind of liked the feeling. Like his new friend was doting on him. Like they really had been friends for a long time.

Hiccup was pulled away from these happy thoughts immediately when he heard a low, aggressive voice behind him.

"Oh, look, the fags are out early today."

Jack's hand froze over the coffee mug. "Pitch," he muttered the name as if it were a curse word.

They turned to see a tall boy with hair as black as his name staring at them with a sinister smirk on his face. "Finally found another one, huh?" He asked, nodding his head toward their linked arms. Jack hastened to unhook himself from Hiccup and took a step away. "What's your boy-toy's name?"

"He's not my—" Jack glared at the term Pitch had chosen. "He's just my roommate. We're friends. Hiccup's not gay."

"Hiccup? Is that his name, or is that what you queers call each other?" Pitch said with a snicker.

Hiccup was awake now. He was wide awake and tired of watching this

kid treat Jack like this. "Yeah, it's my name," he said, taking a step forward. "And you're being incredibly rude." He looked Pitch directly in the eye.

"Hiccupâ€¦" Jack said nervously. "It's okay, let's just go."

"Oh, no, no!" Pitch said with a strange, off-key showboating voice. "Stick around! Let's see what this twig has to say! I'm dying to hear it."

"Then listen well," Hiccup said. Jack was startled by the soundâ€”his voice had gone low and serious. "I don't care who you are or what your shit-brained opinions are. Just keep them to yourself. You will treat Jack with respect, or I will beat the living hell out of you. Did you catch all of that, or should I say it again a little slower?"

Pitch started to laugh. "You? You're threatening me? With your little faggy chicken arms? What would you do, tickle me to death?"

Hiccup closed the remaining distance between them and grabbed Pitch by his jacket. The other boy felt something hard press against his chest and looked down to see a large, serrated knife in Hiccup's hand. "No," he rumbled from the back of his throat. "I would fucking cut you." Pitch was finally surprised into silence. His eyes widened, and Jack was amazed to see him looking rattled for once.

"H-hiccup, people are starting to stareâ€¦" Jack said behind him. That broke the spell, and Hiccup released Pitch but stood his ground. Pitch took a step back.

"Huh," he said, slipping back into his usual demeanor. "So you do have some teeth. Interesting." He smirked and then turned to leave. "Well, nice to meet you and all that. You love-birds have a nice breakfast. I'll see you around," he called over his shoulder with a hint of confrontation in his tone.

The pair stood in silence for a moment before Hiccup turned to Jack. "I'm sorry you had to see that. Who was that guy?"

"Umâ€¦ that's okay. He's another student here. Just an asshole. He talks big, but he's never actually done anything to hurt anyone that I know of." Jack looked strangely shy. "Thanks for sticking up for me," he said with a smile. "But you kind of scared me there. What happened to my cute, blushing Hiccup?"

"I'm sorry," Hiccup said sincerely. He really hadn't wanted Jack to see that side of him. "It's still me, I promise. Justâ€¦ I can't stand people like that, and I refuse to let anyone treat a friend that way."

Jack surprised Hiccup by giving him a sudden hug. "Well thanks again. It's been a while since anyone's done anything like that for me." Hiccup returned the hug happily. "But no cutting anyone, okay?" He said with a laugh. "I don't know what I'd do if my only friend got kicked out of the academy."

"Okay," Hiccup said. _Well, unless I need to_, he thought.

"Now come on, let's get some food."

When they got back to their room, the atmosphere between them had returned to normal. Jack was his usual joking, flirting self, and Hiccup was blushing away. The two of them plopped onto the couch and decided to compare their schedules. They were excited to find that they had two classes in common.

After they finished, Jack started to fidget a little. "What's up?" Hiccup asked, sensing he wanted to say something.

"Wellâ€¦" Jack began. "I was just thinking, you really don't seem the type to be carrying a scary knife like that."

"Oh, yeah." Hiccup took a deep breath. "See, I've gotten kicked around pretty much all my life. I'm a runt, so it made me an easy target I guess. I never really cared; I just avoided the guys who gave me trouble and kept to myself. But then this guy named Dagur moved to Berkâ€¦ and he did more than push me around."

Jack frowned at the dark look that came over Hiccup's face. "You don't have to tell me if you don't want to," he said gently.

"No, it's okay," Hiccup said, giving him a reassuring smile. "You should know." Hiccup paused, took another deep breath, and continued. "So. Like I said, I never really cared when people pushed me around. Even with Dagurâ€¦ even though he was really persistent. He loves daggers, just like his name, and heâ€¦ first it was just hitting me, but then he'd cut me, too. Left a few scars." Hiccup lifted his shirt to show Jack a long scar across his left side and a few smaller ones on his stomach.

"Holy shit," he gasped. The long one looked fairly deep, and he could imagine it hurt like hell when the cut first happened. Jack reached for Hiccup's hand and squeezed it. "I'm so sorry."

"Oh, it's okay," Hiccup said, squeezing back. "No biggie. I just tell people I got them fighting dragons. Anyway, I've got some serious self-esteem issues, because I still didn't really care. I just kind of figuredâ€¦ that was just how things were. Some people treated me like shit, and that was normal enough. What had I done to earn kindness? But then one day I saw that asshole beating a child." Hiccup clenched his fists at the memory. "And I don't know, I just kind of lost it. Something snapped in me, and I thought, _no_, I'm not letting this happen."

I carried a fishing knife at the time, and without even thinking about it, I pulled it out and slashed him across the back. It tore his clothes, but barely broke his skin. It still shocked him, though, and when he turned around, I honestly don't know what he saw. I probably looked like a wild animal or a lunatic. Whatever it was, it was enough to convince him not to stick around, so he ran off, and I went to take care of the kid.

Ever since then, it's been a little easier to stand up for myself, and it's impossible for me not to stand up for someone else. I can't handle the thought of anyone else feeling the way I didâ€¦ like they're somehow less than other people, like it's okay for people to mistreat them."

"I'm so sorry that happened to you, Hiccup," Jack said quietly,

squeezing Hiccup's hand again. "Butâ€¦ that's really amazing that you saved that kid and started standing up for yourself."

"Thanks," Hiccup smiled brightly. "I justâ€¦ I want you to know, though, I'd never, ever hurt you," he said, eyes serious again. "My mean streak is reserved for bad guys, I swear."

Jack couldn't help but laugh a little at the strange pairing of his serious tone and the phrase 'bad guys.' "No worries, I believe you. But I'm wonderingâ€¦ doesn't it bother you? Using a knife, I mean."

"Oh, yeah. That's another weird thing. After I scraped Dagur, I started thinkingâ€¦ daggers, knives, were a source of his power over me. In a weird way, wielding a knife myself made me feel like I was negating that, removing that power, taking something spiteful and turning it into something protective. The other thing is that knives can be a tool for violence, but they can also be a tool for good things, like building shelters and cleaning fish to feed people. So after that, I got this hunting knife and used it for both. My weird way of trying to balance stuff, I guess."

"That makes sense," Jack replied. The two sat in silence for a minute, still holding hands. "Thanks for telling me all of that," Jack said as he rubbed the back of Hiccup's hand with his thumb.

"Of course," Hiccup blushed as he noticed the intimacy of the action.

"Ah, sorry. I'm making you uncomfortable again," Jack said, releasing his hand.

"No, it's fine. I'm just easily embarrassed."

"Well, I must confess, it's a lot of fun to embarrass you," Jack said with a wink. "Ah, yes, there it is, that adorable blushing face."

Hiccup buried his head in his hands. "'Adorable' isn't really an attribute I'm trying for."

Jack laughed. "Well, unfortunately for you, you've got that down. But I'll stop embarrassing you for now. Want to start unpacking and decorating and stuff?"

"Sure," Hiccup said with a smile. He was happy to realize that it was only 9 a.m., but he was still having the best day he'd had in a long time.

* * *

><p>A last little author's note: Violence is certainly not the only way to deal with bullies, and I don't mean to imply that at all. Sometimes it works wonders, sometimes it doesn't. There are, of course, tons of other ways to handle the situation, ranging from persuasion to seeking help from an authority, etc. However, one thing I do want to assert is that it's unacceptable behavior, and no one deserves to be bullied. If anyone reading this has or does suffer from bullying, my heart goes out to you (I've been there), and I just want to say you have my support and there are people out there who

can help!<p>

Thanks for reading! 3

End
file.